

Feb 7

My dearest One

Still beautiful bright weather and  
crisp snow. Marjorie & Nurse Munro  
and Rose & Violet are going off  
tobogganing this morning while Clara  
sleeps in her room with Mrs Woolen  
& Mrs Farr to give an eye to  
her. Poor chick, her teeth are bothering  
her again its the bottom double one  
that is near the surface I think.  
That chick is very red & rather spotty  
and she seems heavy and a bit  
tired. The worst of being in bed is  
that I see so little of her.  
Violet has just been in to borrow  
dark blue knickers from me for  
tobogganing, they ought to have a  
splendid time.

I had a nice letter from Louisa  
who says she will always buy  
confectionary for me with great

pleasure because it means tasting different  
sorts of chocolate & ginger etc to see  
which is the nicest. When the war  
is over we'll do the tasting one day  
and send the result to her. Did I  
tell you she went to Fortnum & Mason  
for me to get things for you.

I have some pink roses and yellow narcissus  
in my room now. They are so nice to look  
at and smell.

Constance Mussen came in to see me  
yesterday morning for a little while  
and we had a lovely baby talk.

I am glad I'm not a man because if I  
was I could never talk babies or  
really enjoy them as I do now. But  
then of course I could fight.

I hear from Marjorie that the house-  
hold is taking up food economy  
and rations with great energy which  
is a blessing. She says the allowance  
off meat can be managed with quite



easily but that she thinks the allowance of flour is too short. You see it is so hard to make puddings or any thing without flour. It is only the bread. But apparently the 3 lbs of flour has got to do for puddings & bread.

I have read a lot more of your Boswell yesterday and today and I have enjoyed it. Its miles more interesting than I thought it would be. (Darling you are not to think me horrid for saying this, you really would if you were here & I could kiss you. Oh dear I wish you were!) I like all the psychology of Boswell that you do so well. All except one part. I dare say Mrs Arnolds were funny but I think they were horrid. I dont think the world ought to laugh at the hearts of innocent young girls being hurt. Think of

the Irish girl only sixteen to whom  
he made violent love with no  
intention of marriage. Well do you  
suppose that girl was ever the same  
again. If he did no more he took  
from her the freshness of her first  
youth. All that side of Boswell  
I think is horrid.

I feel much a foand after spending the  
winter fugging in the warmest place  
I could get, now to lying with open  
windows and often almost no fire with  
ever so many degrees of frost.

But a hot room makes me feel  
faint very quickly, so I'm beat in  
the cold. I've had some lovely hmonade  
too to drink which is bliss.

Dearest I send you a lot of kisses  
and a lot of love.

Father is having a grilled chop today  
so you see he is getting on

Your very loving

Ruth